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*Lanier's English Novel.*

AS TIME goes on all lovers of literature will feel an ever-increasing regret for the early death of Sidney Lanier. Not merely that sorrow which they would naturally feel for the loss of a rare poet and literary genius, but especially regret that he did not live to complete the comprehensive and formal philosophy of literature which he had begun. Only two parts of it were finished—"The Science of English Verse" and "The English Novel, and the Principle of its Development." It is to this last that we wish to direct attention, making neither a criticism nor an exposition of it, but only noticing a few disconnected, but striking, thoughts presented therein. The correct title to place at the head of this article would be, "A few thoughts taken at random from Sidney Lanier's work on the English Novel."

I.

What, then, is the principle of the development of the English Novel? Mr. Lanier answers that it is to be found in the enormous growth of personality, of individualism,

among men. It is the increase of the "sacred difference between man and man," that has caused the birth and growth of this prose form of literature. Away back in the time of *Æschylus*, the individual man was the mere creation of the state. There were no "sacred differences" between men. All belonged to the common herd. Lanier takes the "*Prometheus Bound*" of *Æschylus*, and the novels of George Eliot—the former written two thousand years before the latter—and shows how the growth of personality has changed the forms of literature. "Literature is the expression of the emotions, the whims, the caprices, the enthusiasms, the fluctuating idealisms which move each epoch." In short, the literature of an age is the mirror of the life of that age. In the age of *Æschylus* the life of man was narrow. His whims, emotions, caprices had no range. Hence, the literary form of the rigid, unyielding Greek drama was sufficient to express his life. But, as personality, individualism, developed, the forms of literature had to expand; and, in the course of time, the expansion produced the Elizabethan drama, and finally, flowered out in the wide, free, elastic prose form of literature, which we call the novel. The old Greek poet had to use the gods, thunder and lightning, and the simplest, but then mysterious, phenomena of nature to interest his audience. Personality in his time had proceeded no further than to a conception of a universe in which justice is the organic idea; while, in George Eliot's time, it has arrived at the conception of a universe in which love is the organic idea. This is the reason we take an interest in the insignificant woes of Maggie Tulliver, while *Æschylus* had to have his Jove, his Titans, his earthquakes and mysticism, to gain the attention of his audience.

## II.

There is a large and constantly increasing class of people who believe that scientific research and the growth of knowledge is strangling all poetry and imagination. They prophesy that science will abolish literary art. Lanier

meets these discordant prophets with great keenness. He points out the peculiar fact that this is mere *prophecy*, and argues from *history* to disprove it. English science and English poetry have been advancing hand in hand for two hundred and fifty years. Here, then, can certainly be traced the effects of the one on the other. Has science been hostile to poetry? The facts show that while Hooke, Newton, the Herschels, Franklin, Davy, Huxley and the Darwins have been penetrating into physical nature, Dryden, Pope, Burns, Wordsworth, Tennyson and Longfellow have been singing. While gravitation, oxygen, electro-magnetism, the spectro-scope and siren are being evolved, the Ode to St. Cecilia, Manfred, A Man's a Man for a' That, In Memoriam, and the Psalm of Life are being written. If this poetry, born within the "very grasp and maw of this terrible science," be examined, we find, as to substance, a steadily increasing joy and faith in the missions of the poet; as to form, that it has become richer and finer in the development of poetic form and technic. But Mr. Lanier goes further, and takes a more concrete example. Tennyson has been bred and brought up in the midst of this scientific activity, intimate with the freest thinkers of his time. He is himself a scientific man, especially in the field of botany. But selected passages from In Memoriam show that science has not cooled his poetic love, nor his yearning for human friendship, nor, especially, his pure sense of poetic beauty. On the contrary, he only preaches them in "those newer and finer forms with which science itself has endowed him."

### III.

Many more instances might be cited to show Mr. Lanier's great powers of discernment and breadth of treatment. Especially would I like to call attention to his wonderfully keen criticism of Walt Whitman and Zola. But this article is merely intended to direct attention to the book, in the hope that many will seek it and enjoy its rare, bracing and suggestive originality for themselves.

PERSICUS.

*In the Latin Quarter.*

WHEN Jean-Baptiste Casard was seventeen a council was called. His mother, his elder sister and the curé were present. This ways-and-means committee decided that he should go to Paris, but found that though there were many ways of reaching it, there were few means with which to carry them out. Jean was from sunny Provence. He had lived till now in his native village. But when the time came for him to study a profession, he must go, not to the county seat, but to the great city. So he left, and, with mother's blessing, priest's advice, and prayers of all the good gossips, reached the capital, and took up his abode in the Latin Quarter. The Latin Quarter! What pathos there is in those few words. They are a history of sadness. Hopes blasted, fortunes and reputations ruined, morals mostly depraved, rarely devout, strivings for livelihood strangled, too often dull waiting for death. Paris—a world. The Latin Quarter—its capital. Twenty thousand souls cooped up. A community cut off from the rest, with its own customs and curious traditions. What used to send a thrill through Paris? "The students are coming." It meant twenty thousand men, a nucleus that would be increased from all the streets by a rabble rout, ready for revenge on the rich and powerful. It meant that most dangerous class on the continent, an army of half-starved, educated young men, poor devils living day by day, and embittered by struggles with the hard world. But those days are past. The bitterness is there, but not its expression. Yet, though no longer feared outside, the Latin Quarter remains with its Bohemianism unchanged, in great measure.

It was at No. 23 Rue St. Jacques. A tall tenement, like the row in which it stood, pointed roof, gables, garrets, narrow windows, door with knocker of days of Louis XI. Up five flights by a steep stair-case you come to two doors

facing the landing. The left one stands open, and through it appears a room with bare floor, chairs, table, cot and fireplace. On the table the remains of a scant meal. Through the right door voices are heard, and a man steps out. A glimpse reveals the same kind of interior, a duplicate of the first. The man turns back and says, "Well, then, Casard, you won't go with us?"

He hesitates, then answers, "I told you once; no."

Five years have changed Casard. He is no longer the "ingenu," unsophisticated, confiding. He is the embodiment of the Parisian student. A skillful swordsman, yet two gashes cut his cheek and temple. He knows all the haunts of his mates, the cafés, theaters, public balls, boulevards. He has been a leader in many escapades. He is looked upon as an authority in duelling, gambling and minor matters. So that it is with some surprise that his friend finds him refusing to act as second in an "affaire d'honneur" in the Bois de Bologne, a position usually coveted. But Casard is waiting for the occupant of the next room, his friend of friends, Antoine Laubert. When he comes they go out together and visit the daughter of a wealthy Cuban planter. A year before a hotel was on fire. Casard had seen, in passing by, the danger of a lady in the third story, and heard the agonized cries of her father. He had faced death too often to fear it, and, plunging in to the smoking furnace, he brought back his prize. She was the typical southern beauty. The soft dreaminess of the Italian, the fire of the Spaniard, were melted into a vivacious languor, so to speak. So that, when acquaintance ripened into friendship, the latter speedily developed into love. This began to change the current of Casard's life, and, from the hardened and indifferent man, he became the lover, first, in disguise, then openly. Gratitude alone was sufficient to induce the father to let things take their own course. Then, when Casard, thawed out, threw the whole of his warm southern nature into his affection, the thing was settled to

all appearances. He was poor, but life was before him. There was nothing new in his love. But love, though ever new, is never new. The girl's heart, however, gradually opened in another direction. Casard had introduced his friend, received on his account. The latter fell under the same charm, and discovered that his affection was returned. Then came that anguish to a true man, the being a traitor to his friend. At last, when this time they sallied forth, came the blow, all unsuspected. Laubert confessed. Then came that other anguish, of self-denial and forgetfulness. What were the prospective riches and ease to be exchanged for the poverty and toil in comparison with the happiness that he had anticipated? Should he expose himself once more to the temptations, the fleeting solaces of woe, turning to immediate bitterness? Should he bind by an indissoluble tie, one plighted, but in name only, and not in affection? Could he live, lonely and alone, in his garret, hallowed though it had been for months by pure imaginations and anticipations? He and his friend turned back. But the next day Casard took Laubert, and they went together to see their mutual friend. Then, without a word, Casard, stooping, kissed the hand of his love, put it in Lambert's hand, and, gasping for breath, amid their broken sobs, left the room.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend."

A. G. CAMERON.

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*An Astronomical Vagary.*

IT WAS lecture the fourth since dinner;  
My brain was beginning to reel,  
And the loathing I had for my note-book  
Was very unpleasant to feel.

The learned professor was talking,  
Of planets, and spots on the sun,  
And his voice, with monotonous cadence,  
Made a drowsy sort of a hum.

I scarcely knew what he was saying,  
So sadly my thoughts were astray;  
I knew that the snow-flakes were falling,  
And longed for the close of the day.

I gazed afar through the window,  
Past the roofs of the quaint old town,  
At the faint blue line  
Of the distant hills,  
And heard the twitter  
Of swallows' bills  
From their breeze-haunted homes floating down.

Away past the hills, in the distance,  
Where the sky and the earth were one,  
Were the slumbering waves  
Of a summer sea;  
I floated away  
In ecstasy,—  
There was never a spot on the sun.

We sailed far down the horizon's rim,  
En-route for the Fortunate Isles;  
While the wavelets shimmered  
And sparkled and shone  
Afar where the sea  
And the sky were one,  
And the summer sea was all smiles.

And dreamily sweet was the seamens' song,  
As they lowered the sail with a run.  
But, alas! 'twas a dream;  
The teacher still prosed,  
And the sail was a screen  
Where he only proposed  
To show us the spots on the sun.

TARPY.

*Miss Longueville.*

"PLEASE tell me where I can get a hack, for the nearest hotel?" asked a young woman of a crowd of negroes, who were loitering around the station, in one of our Southern towns, "ter see de train come in." "Law, mam," replied one of them, "Wytheville hain't gaw none, but if yer'll follow me I'll carry yer to Majer Hock's house, which is a mighty-fine tavern." A moment's glance would have shown that our inquirer was not one of the inhabitants of the South. Her eyes and complexion, and still more her brisk, determined walk, bore testimony to Northern birth. She was not beautiful—in the sense of regular features, but her independent bearing, her light-flowing hair, the rosy hue of her cheeks, made her attractive and interesting.

The first stars were just peeping forth from their hiding-places in the heavens, and evening silence—in all its wondrous suggestion—was brooding over the little village. It was the time for the judge, lawyers and store-keepers to assemble at Major Hawk's tavern, to talk of the day's doings and to offer a few comments on how things were carried on in Washington. Squire Sanders was just in the midst of a long harrangue on "them rascally congressmen," when the door opened, and a young lady was ushered into the room. Instantly there was a silence among the gossipers, and old Lawyer Spooks adjusted his spectacles to look at the woman. After Miss Longueville, for such was her name, had been shown to her room, the conversation was renewed, but it turned upon a different subject. "Say, Major," said Lawyer Sparks, "that was a likely sort of a gal. What can she be wantin' in Wytheville, do you reckon? Do you know where she comes from, and what she is goin' to do?" "She wanted a room for a few days, she said, but made no mention of her business," replied the Major. "She must be a Northerner, for the way she rolled them r's made my head swim," spoke up one of the crowd; "I can tell 'em any-



where I hear 'em talk." All were at a loss to account for the appearance of such a woman in the little rural village, and it bothered them very much to think that when they went home they could not tell their wives who the fine young woman at the tavern was. At last, Lawyer Spooks ventured to remark that, "Perhaps she was the young woman what was goin' to take charge of the nigger school." But very few would believe that such an intelligent, nice-looking woman would condescend to teach "them black niggers." But such was the errand of Miss Longueville in Wytheville.

Reared in New England, and of a kind and gentle disposition, she had long wished to make herself useful, and, knowing the ignorance of the negroes of the South, she had resolved to devote herself to educating them, and, hearing that Wytheville wanted such a teacher, she lost no time in going to the village.

No one but a native born Southerner can understand that dignity and pride which make all Southerners look with contempt on anyone who condescends to teach a negro school. Such pride is pardonable in them. They gladly give the negroes any private instruction which is in their power, but not one of them will teach a negro school "for pay." They will play with them, joke with them, wish them well, but eat with them, sit in public places with them and teach them—no, never. Miss Longueville knew the condition in which she was placing herself, but undaunted by the prospect of social ostracism, she had decided to teach a negro school, and teach she would.

Weeks grew into months, and the little log school-house was well filled with woolly-headed negroes with dumb faces and wide open mouths. Lawyer Spooks had often observed that "the young woman was makin' fools of them niggers," but the quiet respectful conduct of Miss Longueville commanded the silent admiration of all the villagers. Her success was phenomenal. The negroes looked upon her as

some one sent by Providence to minister to their needs, so quietly and effectually did she perform her duties. Although she was ignored by the white population, no resentment was cherished against her. They even wished in their inmost hearts that she might succeed, but tradition, that mighty tyrant, would not permit them to admit her on a social equality with themselves; so that on the nights of the merry village dances, while all the young people were enjoying life's dream, she sat alone with only her books as companions.

A year passed by. An unusually large crop had been gathered, and prosperity was once more smiling upon a land which had been so miserably cursed with war. Never before had Major Hawk's tavern had so many jolly fellows to spend the night in gossip and friendly smokes. Even Lawyer Spooks had been heard to remark, that "Perhaps the country warn't goin' to the dogs after all." Dances became more numerous, and sociables were held three times a week. Courting became popular among the young people; for there were prospects ahead for every honest lad to make a comfortable living for his wife. But soon all joy and amusement was to be laid aside for mourning. It was rumored that Parson Hendrick had been stricken down with fever, and vague whispers were abroad that yellow fever had made its appearance in the village. The tavern ceased to have its good-natured company, the little village stores were closed, and all who could move fled for safety away from the plague-stricken town. The few remaining inhabitants were left alone with their enemy. Every day witnessed a sad little band winding its way to the cemetery to deposit in their last resting place the remains of some unfortunate. The old church bell had no rest. It tolled for young and old, and in mournful peals sounded the dire distress which was in the community. Among those who remained to nurse the victims of the fever there was none more devoted than Miss Longueville. From morning till night she sat by the bedside of the sufferers and ministered to their wants. She was

present where the epidemic was doing its worst. Forgetting the cruel injustice which had been done to her by the villagers, she went from house to house, carrying with her such mildness and hope that she was always a welcome visitor. John Spooks, son of the lawyer of that name, had escaped the fearful scourge, and in the sick chamber, in company with the "nigger teacher," he nobly acted the good Samaritan. In the chamber of death John Spooks saw the fortitude and untiring devotion which had made her remain, at the risk of her life, to nurse and help those very people who had considered themselves socially above her. Then he witnessed her truly womanly nature, and resolved to join with her and help his less fortunate fellowmen in their struggle for enlightenment. \* \* \* \* \*

October's frost was a death to the fever, but it had so effectually done its work that Wytheville was almost deserted. The old citizens had died, and the joyous laughter of the young was hushed in grief. Miss Longueville was no longer a social outcast, but was always welcome in every house, although she continued to teach them black niggers. Near Christmas the old church bell rang again, but it was a summons to a merry village wedding. Lawyer Spooks had lost many old friends, but by their loss he gained a daughter, for the church bell was announcing the marriage of Miss Longueville and John Spooks. "I always thought that she was a likely sort of a gal," said Lawyer Spooks, "and there is not one in the village who does not think that John is a fortunate man in having the brave and true little woman for his wife, although she was, at one time, a 'nigger teacher.'"

M. N. DUE.

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*"The Passing of Arthur."*

IN THE province of Arthurian Romance Mr. Tennyson has no equal. Out of the large number of legends and traditions, the majority of which must be relegated to the

category of myth, he has constructed the Idylls of the King. In this series of narrative poems he has reproduced, in almost matchless elegance and beauty of verse, glimpses of King Arthur and his Court. The key-note of the Idylls is found in "the coming of Arthur." It is the ruin of the King's heroic design, and the connecting link that gives unity to the whole is the sin of Lancelot and Guinevere. As we pass from one Idyll to another the final issue is not entirely concealed. This is one of Tennyson's characteristics. He never casts a mysterious shadow over his work, although interest in the story is never impaired by making the culmination too apparent.

In the preceding Idylls we only catch occasional glimpses of the King, Elaine, Vivien, Guinevere and Enid, the four types of womanhood, have been presented. Lancelot, Arthur's greatest knight, has at last passed from the scene, and only occasional intimations of Arthur, the highest and most human, have been received. In this last poem the perfect king and the latest left of all his knights appear before us. Arthur has parted from Guinevere, and is about to fight his last great battle in the West. Brought at last to realize the disappointment of all his hopes, he sees in the approaching conflict the culmination of his troubles, for

"The king who fights his people fights himself."

The general characteristics of the poem are preeminently Tennysonian. Increased interest is sustained by this fact, as well as its being the only one of the Idylls that has King Arthur for its subject. The simplicity of the style and naturalness of the scenes presented contrast with the slight inclination toward affectation and too minute description of detail, apparent in some of the other Idylls. The process of simplification originates in the other poems, which serve as a background to intensify the effect of this last and greatest of the pictures. The simplicity of this Idyll clearly reveals Tennyson's poetical creed. His poetry is never didactic,

and, consequently, never appeals directly to conscience. We never feel constrained to accept the poet's sentiments and convictions, but frequently we are attracted as it were by some magic expressed in the words.

The chief element characteristic of this Idyll is its beauty. It must be remembered that this element was not the sole aim of the poet. He has used it as a means of bringing us into closer union with nature. The beauty is apparent in the musical expression of the thoughts, as well as in the thoughts themselves. For mere beauty of description, there are numerous examples that cannot be surpassed in the artistic powers they display. One of the finest is the scene where Sir Bedivere passes from the ruined shrine where lay the bones of old knights, and

"By zig-zag paths, and juts of pointed rocks,  
Comes on the shining levels of the lake."

And when he casts away the brand Excalibur, the arm clothed in white, samite, mystic, wonderful, draws it under the mere. This description is partially indicative of Tennyson's mind. He feels profound sympathy for all manifestations of nature, but he is more disposed to point out in detail the beauties of such a scene. The grander and sublimer revelations of nature he never presents. The spirit of his poetry is the same that pervaded that of Wordsworth, "The tranquil recollection of bygone emotion." Even in the description of the last dim, weird battle in the West, beauty is predominant. The field of battle, on which Arthur opposes the traitor Modred, is hemmed in by mountains, terminating in a coast of sand, on which breaks the moaning sea. When the battle is ended, as the King glances over the field, he sees no man moving there, and the rising waters, emblematic of the Sea of Time, breaking along the shore, sound

"The voice of days of old and days to be."

Of the two characters presented in this Idyll, Bedivere reflects more clearly than the king the age in which he lived. He is a plain, matter-of-fact man, unyielding in his support of the king, and ever ready to suppress, by word or act, any slander, from whatever source it may arise. The character of Arthur is directly the resultant of the receptive powers of Tennyson's mind. Here we find the embodiment of all the complexities of society of this century, and the study of this character more clearly reveals the poet's mind than does any other character delineated in the Idylls.

The consideration of this fact is essential in forming a just estimate of the character of Arthur. If he appear at times unreal, and his virtues exaggerated beyond the range of human possibility, it must be remembered that the character is the creation of a mind far more sympathetic than ours.

The allegorical element is more noticeable and has been introduced to greater advantage than in the former Idylls. The most marked example is near the close, when Bedivere, at last forced to realize the fact that the Round Table is finally dissolved, and that he must go forth, companionless, "among new men, new faces, other minds," watches the barge bearing away the king and the three mysterious queens who were present at the coronation. He sees it disappear

"Down that long water opening on the deep,  
Somewhere far off, pass on and on and go  
From less to less and vanish into light,  
And the new sun rose bringing the new year."

In none of the other Idylls are the artistic powers of Tennyson more apparent, for the rich melody of the verse is in strict harmony with his elevated thoughts and noble sentiments.

STEWART PATON.

*A Sonnet.*

JUST as the fleecy drifts of morning mist  
From valley rise to rugged mountain top,  
All tinged with glorious hues of light, and kissed  
By gentle breezes, hover there awhile, and stop,  
In all their mystic pomp, before dispelled  
By hand unseen and lifted 'loft to heaven,  
So, in the heart of man, deep down, are held  
The thoughts and passions of the soul; but when  
They burst without, and leave that precious cell,  
They're seized and wafted 'broad by strong desires,  
Which sway and govern us, Alas, too well!  
But when the passion, sacred love, inspires,  
Entrancing joy and gladness reign supreme,  
Then shines the heart's delight with radiant gleam.

J. C. MATHIS.

*The Old and the New Side.*

"YES," said the old Doctor, "I'm a sort of liberal thinker. I've been a member of the visible church in—let's see, five different sects. Yes, I'm sort of unstable; you know the old saying, '*Ubi tres medici, duo athei*.' Well, I've hardly reached atheism, yet I am, in the opinion of the church in which I was baptized, a little more than half of the way there; but, for the life of me, I can't think of the time when I made any decided change in my religious opinions. The change was very gradual, '*facilis descensus Averno*,' you know. You wouldn't think it, but I was once, at the age of five, a true-blue Old-Side Covenanter, so blue that old John Knox himself was snow to indigo beside me. At that age I was deep in doctrines of 'John Brown's Catechism for Children,' and was longing for the time when I could throw it aside for the 'Shorter Catechism' of my older brothers. I even had ambitions to try the 'Larger Catechism' of the old folks.



"How I gloated over the realistic pictures of John Brown's Inferno! I remember rushing in to my mother and yelling out, 'Ma, Hugh Ochiltree is two years older'n me, and he aint in 'Hell' yet, and I'm most to the 'Devil'!' referring, of course, to the questions, 'What is Hell?' and 'Who is the Devil?' or others similar to them.

"Yes, I was a 'true blue' once, but how I have fallen! Down, step by step, I have passed through five denominations, and now here I am, a—Congregationalist! Well, you may laugh, but you don't know my degradation.

"Oh, you can't sympathize with me! You outside people may say Calvinists are all alike, but I know better. Why, here I've been Old-Side Covenanter, New-Side Covenanter, United Presbyterian, Presbyterian straight, a Baptist proselyte till they were about to duck me, and at last a Congregationalist. Thank goodness, I haven't reached Episcopacy yet! My grandfather would gather his old bones together, from his South Carolina grave, and visit me with corporeal and manual punishment if he knew that I listened to the chanting of David instead of the groanings of Rouse, or read from the prayer-book instead of repeating the family invocation handed down from those who fought at Drumclog.

"How the old man hated 'the Bishops'! I remember well how he used to take me on his knee, after his evening ancestral oration to God, and tell me the tales of those who fought for the 'Solemn League and Covenant,' upon the moors of Scotland. I used to make pictures in the fireplace, of the battles. There, that sparkling line of burning soot, on the back-wall, was the English dragoons. That big spark, in front, was old 'Claver'se' himself. Now they burn their way up to an irregular spot of the burning soot, the band of Covenanters.

"Flash,' went the guns, thought I, as each spark died away in a minute flare. The encircling line of English soon vanished, and the Covenanters stood—a lessened, but victori-



ous host. They also died out in flashes, but that was only the emptying of their guns before they crept away to their dens and caves. But here was another battle, and here another, and so the battles went on in the soot of the fire-place. It was a never-ending drama to me. The sparks were the actors; grandfather the speaker. I looked at them while he kept crooning in my ear the psalm that was sung at Drumlog, or ringing the praises of the 'bonnie blue flag' that waved over the Scotchmen.

"Oh, I'm still a 'true blue' when I think of grandfather. That color means 'Covenanter' to me, and nothing but that. You see, the ceiling of the old church was painted blue, and it tinged the whole place to me—preacher, people, religion and all. I thought it was meant for a representation of the sky, and perhaps it was, but it outdid the azure vault in blueness several times over. During the first frosty days of winter, the half-benumbed flies would stick to it, and I used to lie back, when the thoughts of the frost-ripened muscadines in the woods had become too tantalizing for me, and while away the long sermon by searching out fly-constellations in the mimic heaven. Here was a Chair, there a Belt, and yonder a fine Dipper pointing directly to a Pole-star of a big blue-bottle fly.

"And yet I must own that, sometimes, the two-houred sermon didn't seem a bit too long. Sunday—I mean Sabbath—was a sort of circus-day to us boys. Our preacher, old Gavin MacMillan, was a natural athlete. He was tall and muscular, and wonderfully active for a minister. He could not be kept quiet, even in his pulpit. That was a large platform, mounted on blocks, with a railing round it in front, to keep Gavin in. There he pranced around, and sawed the air, and went through almost all the gestures of a contortionist. Altogether, his preaching was very interesting, for as he alone of the community took a weekly newspaper, he thought it his duty to weave its contents into his long sermon.

"As may be supposed, some found fault with these habits, mostly for the reason that they were too entertaining. Gavin then went off, in a huff, to the New-Side Covenanters, taking with him half the church-members; among them, my father. As the church had been built by both divisions, it was agreed that on the first Sabbath of the year the Old-Sides should have their meeting in it, and the next Sabbath the New, and so on. Now, there came along a leap-year, with fifty-three Sundays, and both parties claimed the last Sabbath.

"Early that morning they assembled at the doors, and waited for the leaders: Gavin MacMillan, the preacher of the New-Side, and Elder Ramsey, the pro-pastor of the Old. These arrived at about the same time, the Elder a little in advance. He marched with stately dignity up one aisle, followed by his folk, while Gavin hurried along up the other.

"The Elder reached the pulpit steps the first, and began to fumble at the door of the railing. But Gavin was there before him, for the active old fellow had vaulted clear over the pulpit itself!

"Elder Ramsey slowly turned and descended the steps. Then, shaking his cane at the chuckling Gavin, he rolled out, in his Scotch burr, the words, 'He that entereth not by the door, but cloimbeth up some other way, the same is a *thafe* and a ROBBER-R-R!'

"Then he marched, victoriously defeated, at the head of his followers, over to his own house, where he righteously glorified in the battle psalms of David."

MARION M. MILLER.

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*Simp Vunk's Ideal.*

"THERE is all that garden stuff, my share of the poultry, the butter and eggs and feathers, and my money in the bank—quite a little fortune, you know. Now, father, you will consent?"

"Simp Vunk, you are a strange girl, to think of taking such a journey alone; and New Orleans is far off—many, many miles. But, of course, you may go."

Simp, as the neighborhood called her, was a country girl, born and bred among the Vermont hills. The Vunk homestead would have been like any one of the surrounding homesteads had it not been for two things: it had no mistress, for Simp's mother was dead; and a little shelf of books first greeted you as you opened the door—a rare sight in that uncultured community. These were Simp's books; their contents had been the source of great pleasure in her lonely life, and filled many idle moments with dreams about the people and place in them. Her one wish was to be gratified—to visit the scenes of Cable's novels. She was to now leave the old red brick house, to pass beyond the distant stretch of blue hills, to go from her father's side and that dear grave beneath the pines, to realize many of her dreams, and experience a new kind of life in the homes and people of New Orleans.

The night before Simp's departure there was a small gathering at the Vunk's to say farewell. Rude country jokes, hearty shouts of laughter, walnuts, cake, and bright, sparkling cider, combined, with the big, open fire-place, to make a cheery scene. Simp stood aside, popping corn over the fire, and the soft light from the burning logs fell upon her face. How ruddy her cheeks, how glossy her hair, as the glow kissed them. Pop, pop, went the corn, and then she turned the great snowy kernels into a bright, yellow bowl.

"You will not stay away long, will you, Simp? It's going to be so dull without you."

"Without me? Do not be foolish, Tom," she replied, shaking the basin of dancing, snapping corn faster over the hot fire.

The last sleigh was off, the silvery bells jingled through the frosty air, the door was closed, bolted, and the hospitable

lights darkened. "You will be a long way off to-morrow. This is the last night at home, my child; but God bless you. Good night."

"Father, I will not—"

"There, now, hush; I am glad that you can go."

When she reached her room she drew the white curtain across the window, shutting out the cold landscape and the dismal murmur of the wind. "What was that?" she said, listening. "Did I not hear some one call me?" and she peered out over the moonlit snow towards the shadows of the pine woods beyond. How weird these great pines looked, draped in ghostly shrouds. She had always, from a child, loved these trees; their moaning had comforted her when her mother died, and she often lingered beneath them, believing that her mother's voice intermingled with their cadences. They sang to her now, "Come, come out to us again; it may be the last time. We are snow-laden and icy now, but we love you." Her heart accorded with the music of their solemn sough, and she passed out upon the crust of frozen snow. She sought one of the tall, rough-barked trees and pressed her cheek against it, for at its foot she knew was her mother's grave, though the cruel snow had effaced all traces of it. The cold wind swept about her. She heard a footstep behind her, and suddenly turned. "What, Tom, you here?"

"I thought you would come out here to-night, and I wanted to say good-bye. Simp, you know I—"

"Well, good-bye, Tom. It's cold here—I must go in," and drawing her wrap snugly around her she hurried over the frosty pathway, every footstep creaking, creaking music. So Tom thought it was. Ah, Tom, you have not yet found the secret of that life.

"Father, you here yet?" she said, finding the old man sitting in the dark room, and gazing into the embers of the fire. "Simp, my girl, something troubles me to-night; but I am old and fretful; now go to bed."

"Good-bye, Father; good-bye, Tom." Off the train whirled, and Simp had bade farewell to all. The snowy hills had melted into snowy hummocks; dense forests dwindled into dark patches; icy rivers spun into silvery threads; cities, houses, people were lost, lost behind; cities, houses, people were overtaken, passed and lost again. Fields of snow became fields of cotton; pines of the north, pines of the south; meadows of frost-bitten stubble, meadows of bright flowers. To Simp these were works of a new world.

NEW ORLEANS, DECEMBER 3d.—In New Orleans at last. I am now writing in the very room where Dr. Sevier spent many evenings. It is the library. It was here that John Richling came to visit the Doctor, and they together used to talk of the Doctor's dead wife, Alice. The furniture in the room is just as it was then, the low easy chair, the lamp, and the rows of books "in ornate cases of dark wood from floor to ceiling, some in gay covers—green, blue, crimson—with gilding and embossing, others in worn attire, battered and venerable, dingy but precious." Out of the library window I see the blossoming oleander, the snowy magnolia, the scarlet and gold apples of the pomegranate, the dark-colored fig-trees, and down the long quiet street, overarched with lofty trees, the tiniest space of clear blue sky. What a pity that this lovely home has become a boarding-house now. There are several of us here, and one, a Mr. Narcisse, is a Creole.

"And so you are from Vermont, Miss Vunk?"

"Yes; my home has always been there. Till I came here, those New England hills were the world to me. My ambition has always been to visit the South, and particularly New Orleans, of which I have read so much. And here I"—but Simp was rather disconcerted at this point, and could not finish her sentence, for she was conscious that a person opposite her, at the table, was listening to every word. Though she did not look towards him, she knew the face; that the complexion was dark, the eyes soft, and its expression almost

effeminate, had it not been relieved by a dark moustache. She was also conscious that *her* face, in turn, had betrayed her confusion.

"These Creoles are aware of the curiosity they excite in you Northerners," continued the talkative companion, not noticing this silent episode. "They say that Mr. Narcisse, yonder, had a relative who figured in Mr. Cable's last novel, Dr. Sevier," she went on, gradually lowering her voice to a whisper.

"Indeed!" remarked Simp, not intending to encourage this line of conversation under such trying circumstances.

From day to day Simp was enjoying herself to the utmost. Everything about her was novel—the prison, the churches, the hospital, and the silent, narrow streets along which were quaint little houses.

One morning, when Simp came to the breakfast table, she found a note beside her plate. It rather astonished her to receive a note, and still more so when she read the following words: "Though you do not know it, I have seen you often." No name was signed. Instantly she glanced towards Mr. Narcisse's place, but he was apparently occupied in reading a newspaper(?).

From Canal street, the view of the great rolling river was to Simp a comfort, when her thoughts reverted to what her life had been in her bleak Northern home, where she had never felt a mother's sympathy and had found an out-pouring of her sorrows under the murmuring pines that spread their dusky arms over that silent grave. The river, here, imparted somewhat of that weird, strange comfort which she felt under the influence of the pines. The sunsets, dancing across the water on and out to the distant sea, were soothing to her, when dispirited. While thus walking slowly up and down the levee, unheeding the fast approach of twilight, she heard a familiar foot-step, and hastened her pace, thinking that, possibly, Mr. Narcisse might be following her.

"You have been hurrying, Miss Vunk. You are quite flushed and out of breath!"

"I did hasten somewhat, for the darkness came upon me before I was aware. The river so charms me that I forget the time of day. Has Mr. Narcisse come?" she continued, in a disinterested tone.

"He answers your question by just this moment entering." She carelessly looked towards him, and, by chance or forethought, Mr. Narcisse's eyes were fixed upon her. Both quickly turned away, and Simp was certain now that the mysterious footstep behind her was his.

Simp could not ascertain, from the servant, who brought the flowers which she found in her room almost every day. "You saw the boy bring them to the door, and he said he couldn't tell who sent them?" "I shall wear a few of them to the table," she reflected, "for I have met Mr. Narcisse, and he is very kind to me." Though no mention of what had formerly happened had been made, yet she felt that a bond of sympathy was growing up between them.

Mr. Narcisse knew the Creole quarter of the city thoroughly, and was a willing guide to one so enthusiastic over everything quaint and picturesque. He enjoyed the companionship of this ardent, outspoken New England girl, and possibly, too, he was pleased with the evident attachment which she evinced towards him.

"How rigid your New England life must be. To think that you have never attended a Catholic service," said Mr. Narcisse, as they were passing along the dimly-lighted street. We, in New Orleans, are very proud of our old cathedral; you will find it very strange compared with your sober, plain meeting-house." They were now alone in the dark vestibule, and Mr. Narcisse continued, "You will pardon me for saying, Miss Vunk, that you have been a study to me."

"Not an arduous task, I hope," she interrupted, half in jest and earnest.



"Truly not, but an interesting one. I have been surprised to find one so delighted with our simple Creole life."

"But I love—." The organ drowned her answer, and if Mr. Narcisse read more in her bright, upturned face than she would have wished, it was not his fault.

Such music Simp had never listened to, and her soul seemed to float away in its cadences, far, far beyond the lofty arches above her. Were not her youth dreams being verified? The dimly lighted cathedral spoke of love, the melody of the deep, rich strains of music were notes of love, and by her side was one of whom she had long dreamed; and had he, too, not shown her love? He may have partially read her thoughts.

"You would then be satisfied with life were your lot cast here?" he suggested.

"It is more than I ever expected, could my father only be with me."

The cathedral bell slowly tolled the hour; a bell was tolling many miles away in a Vermont village.

"It is late now, let us go," and he offered her his arm; for the steps were treacherous in the darkness.

She instinctively held it firmly as they passed under the gloomy arches and out into the street. As they passed a figure stepped back into the shadow of a column. She thought she heard her name whispered behind her.

"Oh, Mr. Narcisse, was it not my name?"

"I guess not; you probably imagined it."

No further notice was taken of the incident, and they soon reached the house.

"Miss Vunk," his voice sounded strangely, and she felt it, "Miss Vunk, I feel that you should know why I am so interested in you, I am to marry a Northern girl." He did not see the effect his words had produced. She made some conventional remark and passed to her room.

Poor girl! now she felt how heavy the burden pressing on her heart; she had not known the change that had been



coming over her. She had grown to love in books, and this man had been destined to call forth all that cherished affection. But he cared not for it, and her dreams had been swept away. "I shall go back to my father now. Oh, that he were here to guide me!" she moaned, and turned to the window and the calm night. "But it does not feel my pain; I am alone in the world." "Simp, Simp." Was it the night wind or the stars calling her? "Simp, don't you hear me?" Yes, she well knew the voice. "Wait, I will come down." There stood Tom under the shadow of the trees. "Fa—father, Tom, how's father? What brings you here? Don't look so, but speak! Can he h—is he sick? Dead?—My God!" He gently raised her, saying, "Poor Simp! They sent me the telegram to-day; I wanted to tell you when I saw you at the cathedral, but I could not." "Sent the telegram to you?" "Yes, dear Simp, I have been in the city ever since I wrote you the note. I did not dare to tell you that I was here, but I thought that you would surmise it, and send for me." "Send for you," she repeated after him half-dazed. "Yes, Simp, for I must tell you I love—" "Hush, hush, Tom, don't tell me, for I cannot think now. Take me to the door, then, Tom, you can take me home. My father and my dear dead mother! Good night, good-bye, Tom."

\* \* \* \* \*

Early next morning a small crowd collected on the levee. "It must have been a sweet face," they said, and wondered why she had done it. Tom found a note saying, "I could never love you, dear Tom. Tell them a sweet song at home."

M. B.

## Voices.

[This department is intended for the free expression of College sentiment. The editors disclaim all responsibility for the opinions expressed.]

### *Self-Government at Bowdoin.*

[Letter from a Bowdoin Senior.]

BOWDOIN COLLEGE, Brunswick, Me., Feb. 1st, 1885.

*Eds. Nassau Lit:*

I SHOULD be most happy to give you every information in my power in regard to our method of self-government, adopted two years ago; but allow me to begin with a protest against your referring to it as the "Amherst plan." The Amherst Senate, as I understand it, is a representative body of students, which is endowed with the high function of giving an opinion when asked to do so by the faculty. It is possible that they now have more power than that, but it cannot be exercised without the consent of the faculty. The faculty may be in the habit of putting matters in the hands of the Senate often, but the fact remains that no business reaches them except through the faculty and at its pleasure. I sincerely hope that I am not doing the Amherst plan an injustice; and yet I wish I were; for, in my mind, this is in no sense a system of "self-government." You will see by the copy of our "Articles of Agreement" I send you that the intention of the Bowdoin plan is to put *real power* into the hands of the students. A jury, composed of nine men—one from each class and from each of the five chartered fraternities—is given the power to administer justice in the college, and within that line of duty "its jurisdiction shall cover all matters relating to the peace, order, security and good name of the undergraduate community, except" certain matters of payment due to or from the college, of

rank, conduct during recitation, and attendance at required exercises. "But in all these matters the question of deliberate falsehood, if raised, shall be a distinct issue within the jurisdiction of the jury." This is the power given the jury, and you see at once that it is very broad, including everything that could be asked. The system is not yet sufficiently evolved for the students to make out their own ranks! The organization of the jury is extremely simple. Elected, they meet, pledge their word of honor to perform their duties faithfully, choose a foreman, clerk, and are ready for what may be brought before them, whether by students or President. The President is present at all regular meetings of the jury, but is in no sense a member of that body, "his relation to it being for the most part like that of a judge to a civil jury."

The real power of the jury lies in its broad jurisdiction, accessibility by the students, and the fact that, though the President may *grant pardon*, in whole or in part, "*he cannot, in any case, impose a heavier penalty than that of the grade fixed by the jury.*" I presume that Bowdoin is no exception to the other colleges in New England in having had more or less trouble between the classes, especially the two lower ones. This, in time past, has hurt our college not a little, and this system of self-government was devised with the special object in view of putting an end to all class outbreaks by providing a body—a jury of their peers—before which the classes could bring matters of dispute for settlement, and thus avoid the little matter of fists. This was the primary object in introducing our so-called "experiment," but its scope was enlarged so that the jurisdiction of the jury included, as I have said, all matters relating to the peace, order, security and good name of the undergraduate community.

This system of self-government is a fine thing. We believe in it; the faculty certainly ought to, for it takes a great weight of responsibility off their shoulders; and their

legitimate duties as instructors are no longer clogged with an eternal attention to petty matters of discipline. It changes the whole basis of the relation between students and faculty, and the latter is no longer regarded as the natural enemy of the former. There is no more of that sneaking trickishness which seems to be in existence for no other reason than that the faculty are trying to stop it. The student is regarded as a man old enough to govern himself. He is made responsible to his fellows for his action. The idea that when a man enters college he becomes a privileged character, out of reach of the law, and responsible for his actions only to a crowd of professors, whom it is desirable to circumvent and worry as much as possible, is entirely overthrown, and a much more healthy one substituted. It is found to elevate the character of the students, too, this plan of ours, and an unprecedented good order and good feeling have followed its introduction.

Hoping that I have given you at least a ray of light on our much misunderstood system, I remain,

SENIOR.

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### *A Seashore Scene.*

TO THE MINDS of the poet and descriptive writer the sea either lies peaceful and calm under the warm mystic light of the summer moon or, raging in the icy gales of winter, lashes the shore with vindictive fury. There is another aspect of the sea shore, which, while impressive of the grandeur and power of ocean, seems to remove civilization to an indefinite distance from the solitary observer. The storm, which, twenty-four hours before, filled the air with flying spray and angry wavy breakers, has subsided. The keen northwest wind has smoothed every wrinkle out of the frowning face of the sea. The thickly falling snows

have beaten down the surf until it is only able to murmur to the sands its discontent. Down to high-water mark the beach is hidden by the snow, which rises in grave-like mounds to mark the presence of every bit of drift-wood or wreckage. The pretty Swiss and Queen Anne cottages along the bluff loom out phantom-like and indistinct through the thick atmosphere, their weather-beaten storm-doors and shutters contributing to the dismal scene. The limited view to seaward is not more cheering. The snow-flakes seem to almost hiss as they drop into the dark gray-black waters. Evidences of the tempest's destructive power are not wanting. The sandy bluff is crowned with masses of overhanging sod, and is cut away perpendicularly in great reaches. Large sections of the heavy bulkhead, built for the protection of the summer residences, have been bodily swept away, or lie scattered over the beach, rising dark from the drifts of snow. Piles, over a foot in diameter, have been twisted off near the ground like reeds, and the knotted remains of iron spikes show that the swirls of waters had possessed an awful force. Everywhere are signs of desolation, and over all the silent snows come rapidly down, slanting in the wind.

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*A Conservative View of the English Course.*

MEN of intelligence, everywhere, who have ceased to dream out theories on traditional systems of education, are agreed, that an intimate acquaintance with our mother-tongue and literature is, virtually, the backbone of all claims to scholarship. Difference of opinion, however, often arises in prescribing to the *college course* the amount which it is expected to furnish in this department. It is on this ground that we disagree with the scheme proposed in the article entitled "The English Course," which appeared in the Jan-

uary Lit. The writer deplores the supposed insufficiency of our instruction in English, and, as a remedy, advocates (1) relegating to the province of the preparatory school a part of the Freshman course. We deem thus much highly feasible. (2) He recommends deducting eighty hours from the classics and devoting it to the English course, the purpose being to give equal time to both departments. This change we do not think feasible, and the following are the reasons for our conservatism:

In the calculation made by the said writer, the time demanded for the writing of about fifteen required essays and orations was not taken into account. Now, those of us who are equal strangers to genius and idiocy, cannot write a readable essay in less than twelve hours. These considerations at once give to the English department one hundred and eighty hours, making three hundred and fifty in all, to the classics' three hundred and twenty. If any one is skeptical as to whether the Faculty consider essay-writing an essential part of the English course, let him remove his slightest doubt by a glance at the grade of some poor unfortunate who failed to hand in his MS. Besides this, the Halls furnish an indefinite amount of literary training, which only the initiated can appreciate.

The study of a subject so comprehensive and intricate as English literature, makes it at once "an absurdity to attempt to master, in a few hours, the distinguishing traits of English literary giants." Is it less, then, of an absurdity to think to gain in a *few more hours* a literary education, which would be vital or formative, or give even a passing ability for independent literary criticism? Evidently not. The province of the college is to lay a foundation which shall make literary culture possible, and, by serving as a guide in the proper study of a few models, to quicken and inspire the student to future endeavor. It is generally admitted that the classics, in their structure, their thought, also in the imagery which their literature embodies, are pre-eminently

fitted for the single office of training the intellect and the feelings, and forming the foundation of a correct taste in letters. Though remote from modern life, they are yet very near to the universal intellect and heart, and the many modes in which their ancient polity and ancient thought still affect the course of events, will ever secure for them a large space in any judicious system of literary culture. If then, in college, we materially diminish our course in the ancient languages, we cannot expect in after life to attain as exact an understanding and scholarly use of our own. Few will ever study Greek or Latin after leaving college, while as few will cease to study English literature, whose attractions allure us on every side, where the road to excellence is almost royal and never aught but pleasant.

JOHN W. McKECKNIE.

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*More Radicalism.*

BEFORE examining the position taken in the foregoing article on the English course, we desire to remove an apparent misapprehension with regard to the proposed readjustment of the time devoted to the Classics and English, respectively. There are, required and elective, 472 hours of Greek; 425 of Latin, and 176 of English. Our proposition was to transfer the excess of time devoted to Greek over that devoted to Latin, viz., 47 hours, to the credit of the English department. This change would still leave 850 hours to the classics, and give to the study of English 228 hours, or, making the demanded allowance for essay-writing, 403 hours. It can hardly be said that the purpose of such a scheme is "to give equal time to both departments."

If "The English Course" conveyed the idea of a phillipic against the study of the classics, it was grossly misunderstood. The vital connection of the dead languages with



civilization and learning, in the past; their usefulness in developing the "intellect, feelings and taste" in the present, were unreservedly admitted. It was urged that the growth of English ideas, and consequently, of the English language and literature, entitled that department in our college to claim the same attention as is given to *one* of the classics—no more. This position we still maintain. American education and general enlightenment no longer require the complete knowledge of Latin and Greek, which was formerly so essential to liberal learning. Our Revolution produced, as was said, a reaction in favor of classicism, and especially, of Romanticism. The intellectual and political needs growing out of that great struggle have now been satisfied. The new intellectual and political needs brought into existence by the advance of a government, founded on a new idea, beyond the experience of all but the immediate past, must, in turn, be met. This can be done only by an acquaintance with new and advanced ideas.

Again, English literature, even down to the present day, embodies much that had its origin when Athens and Rome were at the height of their intellectual activity. The facts stated in chronological order and in meagre terms by Livy and Xenophon have been woven into the fabric of a logical and scientific history. The epithets, figures and mythology of Homer and Virgil peer out at us from the lines of even the most modern poets. The physical speculations of Lucretius are repeated by subsequent physicists. The philosophy of Plato and Cicero has left its traces in the systems of subsequent thinkers, from Dr. *Subtilis* to Dr. McCosh. The falsehoods and mistakes of the ancients have been exposed. Their truths have been substantiated and expanded. With the former we are but little concerned. In the latter, as affecting modern thought, we are profoundly interested. Is it judicious to rely so largely for mutual development on the study of literatures which present such an intermingling of good and bad, of true and false, as the Latin and Greek,



when we can find in our own tongue the separation, imperfect though it may be, of their beneficent and pernicious elements, the expansion of the one and the destruction of the other?

Admitting the demanded allowance of 180 hours for essay writing, less time would still be given to English than to either Latin or Greek. The writer's estimate is, however, excessive. It may well be doubted whether one-eighth of the men in any class devote twelve hours to an essay or oration. It is not going too far to say that one-half do not give up one-half of that time to their literary productions, and the number who are content with a couple of hours of hasty work is by no means small. Again, the time actually employed for this purpose does not, of necessity, represent so much literary work. A variety of subjects is usually assigned. Often the student is allowed to select one for himself, without regard to the lists given. His essay may be historical, philosophical, political. He may entirely, and from preference, avoid distinctively literary topics. Would not the hours thus spent be more properly referred to the course in history, philosophy, politics, than to the English department? This is not mere theory. As a matter of fact, topics foreign to English literature are most frequently chosen as requiring less originality and admitting larger opportunity for hypothe-  
cating the labors of other professors or of somewhat obscure writers. In this way little or no impulse can be given to the development of literary taste and criticism.

A change in the English course, which has become manifest since the date of our last writing, deserves mention. The Junior course, at present, includes fewer authors than it did a year ago. Adequate attention can thus be paid to each. If the course cannot be so extended as to afford time for the thorough study of leading English writers, it is far better to understand some than to acquire confused and incomplete ideas of all.

*The Sketch Club.*

THE SKETCH CLUB takes pleasure in announcing itself at last as fully organized and in a flourishing condition. Domiciled in the same room in Dickinson where the Club of '83 immortalized itself, well supplied with models, with a limited enrollment of twenty interested and zealous members, among whom are a few satellites of the former Club, everything seems auspicious for a prosperous career. Mr. W. Baer, an eminent New York artist, has been engaged to give the class a course of fifteen lessons, to be distributed throughout the Wednesdays up to June. It is left to the option of each member whether his course shall be in colors, charcoal or pen drawing, though the majority will make a specialty of charcoal.

Nor is it the intention to spend all the time within the confines of Dickinson; but, at the approach of those sunny days of Spring—for which every Princeton man longs with an ardent devotion—the Club will sally forth to “draw their inspiration from nature,” in all her Jersey glory, and their bands, in league with those indefatigable fiends—the amateur photographers—will infest every picturesque spot from Stony Brook to Rocky Hill.

The object of the course is not merely to attain a certain degree of excellence as an acquirement merely, but, rather, to secure in part that refinement of mind and soul, which the representation of the noblest forms is eminently fitted to impart. Nor is it the least of the benefits of such a course that through its technical processes it gives the student some of the insight, at least, which makes art criticism reliable, and without which the highest appreciation can never be realized.

The organization of art clubs in college has marked the introduction into the regular curriculum a course in the History of Art, and has fostered the realization of the prin-

ciple that there are as good reasons for teaching these branches as there are for teaching ethics or any other department of knowledge by whose influences we are so constituted or conditioned.

J. W. McKECKNIE.

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*"An Operation in Money."*

THE AUTHOR of this story is a representative of that class of men who regard with sinister contempt the wealthy aristocracy, and at the same time, inconsistent as it may appear with their belief, admire the so-called practical man of the age. In the character of the crabbed and miserly Mr. Scrooge, delineated by Dickens, they think they can detect all the necessary attributes of a millionaire of this day and generation. The acquisition of wealth in itself, they assert, is not such a bad thing, but they would have us remember that "an act looks very different in its quality and its consequence" before the eyes of society. This is the starting point of the author. It is a much more difficult task to apprehend the special form of lesson he seeks to inculcate. The most natural deduction, however, would be that it is one peculiarly adapted to the nineteenth century. It is a re-assertion of the popular fallacy as regards the root of all evil.

For sake of illustration, the author introduces us immediately to the officers of "a piece of money-making mechanism," more commonly designated a bank. The board of directors of this institution is composed of fourteen millionaires, venerable-looking men, but all possessed of penurious and grasping dispositions. The paying-teller of the bank, the hero of the tale, would be described, in common parlance, as a sharp man and possessed of a plentiful amount of nerve. The plan which he devises to obtain a more bountiful salary is startling, to say the least, and the manner in which he

forces the directors to comply with his request, awakens a feeling of sympathy for the innocent depositors who have intrusted their funds to such an institution. To add additional interest to the story, just as the hero is about to wed his fiancée the Chicago fire suddenly breaks upon the scene, and his small savings, which were invested in insurance stock, are lost. Joys which had smiled had fled into the far distance. Fortunately the reader is not kept long in suspense. The hero obtains his desired increase in wages and promotion, and is at last married in peace.

Despite the fact that the story thus terminates in the most approved style, the view presented of the state of society once again elicits the classical sigh: "*O tempora! O mores!*"

STEWART PATON.

## Editorials.

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THE Voice, in our last number, referring to the English course, seems to have been taken, especially abroad, as an expression of editorial opinion. We wish it to be understood that the Voice department is for the expression of college sentiment. Nothing pleases us more than to have a discussion, such as is carried on in that department of the present number. Let us have more of the same kind.

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THE man who acts like a boor in the class-room ;

The man who chatters and laughs at a concert ;

The man who thinks his seat at an art lecture is a restaurant booth ;

And the man who has never yet grasped the idea that when one leaves the parental abode one is supposed to have arrived at years of discretion,

Ought, each and every one, to be wrapped in the swaddling clothes suitable for such, and to be consigned at once to the nurseries of their respective homes.

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### *A College Pastor.*

A WRITER, in the Voice department of our last issue, advocated the appointment of a college pastor, having no duties whatever outside of those belonging to his sacred calling. We believe that the idea is a sound one, and should be put in practice. But the experiment is now in its first stage at one or two other colleges, and it would be well to see the result there before we try it at Princeton. In the

meantime we should, if possible, get preachers of reputation from New York and Philadelphia to occupy the pulpit on the Sabbaths between the fortnightly sermons of the Dean. It is just as absurd to expect first-class preaching from men who preach but once or twice a year, as to look for first-class practice from a physician who pursues his calling only two or three days in a year. Let us await the result of the experiment elsewhere. We venture to remark in this connection, self-government in American colleges is no longer an experiment.

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### *College Government.*

THE letter from Bowdoin published in our Voice department must be of interest to every one connected with Princeton College. It explains fully the method of college government at Bowdoin, and expresses our own ideas of what we should have here. About one hundred and fifty of our students are voters. A large number of the remainder are nearly twenty-one years old. They should have a voice in some matters pertaining to college government,—that is, to their own government. In an essay in the first number of the LIT. under the present management we gave certain reasons for believing that a change in this direction would be of vast benefit to the college. We have seen no reason to change our opinion. We wish to point out especially three facts of the Bowdoin plan:

While the President is present at all *regular* meetings of the jury, nevertheless the jury can have as many meetings without his presence as the students see fit to call.

While the President can pardon a man convicted by the jury, he can never impose a heavier sentence than that pronounced by the jury.

The system at Bowdoin has made vastly easier the burden of responsibility laid on the shoulders of the faculty.

If the students of Princeton want this system, they must act in the matter themselves. The faculty will not thrust it upon them under any circumstances, nor will they offer it, unless asked to do so. In the meantime our Voice department is open to all who wish to express an opinion either for or against the plan.

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*Touching a Prominent Student in College.*

WHEN the darkey preacher ordered the deacon, his "bruder in de Lord," to lock the doors of the meeting-house, and "to pass 'roun' de plate," every person in the congregation, to all financial intents and purposes, was in the class of "Those Who Pay;" and the darkey preacher, in this case, constituted the whole of the corresponding class, of "Those Who Are Paid." Political science teaches that a greater differentiation, or greater separation into classes, is the mark of advancing civilization. Accordingly, we find a greater differentiation of classes in a college community—just in so far as it is more advanced in civilization—than in the darkey congregation. We find four classes: Those Who Pay, Those Who Don't Pay, Those Who Can't Pay, and Those Who Won't Pay. Again, we find the darkey preacher differentiated into the class which may be styled Treasurers. Of the two classes—Those Who Pay, and Those Who Can't Pay—the one we commend, the other we compassionate. Of the two classes—Those Who Don't Pay, and Those Who Won't Pay—we will examine both.

We once heard the remark that, in two cases in this world, the laws of jurisprudence and social science did not hold: in the case of the college, and in the case of the savage, community. The truth of this can be illustrated by the actions of the classes of Those Who Don't and Those Who



Won't Pay. In ordinary life, if a man contracts a debt and don't or won't pay, the lawyer or the sheriff brings him to terms. But, in college, the Man Who Don't or Won't Pay is oblivious of the lawyer or sheriff. In ordinary life, if benevolence or conscience prompts a man to subscribe to anything, you can depend on his benevolence or his conscience to prompt him to pay the subscription. But, in college, the Man Who Don't or Won't Pay knows neither benevolence nor conscience. In ordinary life, if a man pledges his honor for any sum, you can trust to his honor to receive that sum. But, in college, the Man Who Don't or Won't Pay has no honor. Is there any difference between the Man Who Don't and the Man Who Won't Pay? The Treasurer simply calls the former "the meanest man in college," and will have nothing more to do with him. In reference to the latter, he is at first more lenient, but will ultimately come to the same conclusion. By the Man Who Don't Pay, we mean the man who can but don't.

Jurisprudence teaches that, to every right there is a correlative duty. But, in college, where a Man Who Won't Pay puts his name on a subscription list (he generally goes this far), there only exists the *right* of the Treasurer to dun him. There is no correlative *duty* for him to pay. In short, when a Man Who Won't Pay, A, subscribes to a Treasurer, B, B has simply acquired a limited property-right in the room of A. He can enter it, enjoy its privileges, and touch upon the financial situation, as often as he pleases. There his right, according to college jurisprudence, ends. And the upshot generally is, that B throws up his limited property-right as a bad bargain.

We have not yet reached the worst feature of the case. Social science teaches us that the Man Who Don't or Won't Pay, in the outside world, incurs the reproach and contempt of the community. He is relegated to the class of social tramps. There is written all over him, "No Credit Here." But, in college, if the Man Who Won't Pay fails to get cash

credit, he none the less gains a great deal of false credit as a clever dodger of the Treasurers. "To get out of paying a subscription," is a matter for jest. It is even an exploit to be boasted of. It implies no moral obloquy.

The prominent student in college to-day is The Man Who Won't Pay.

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### *The Changes in the Foot-Ball Rules.*

THE RECENT changes in foot-ball rules, adopted by the convention in New York on the 7th, should not be given a casual glance and then thrown aside. Every college student, every alumnus, and, still more, all those who have the true interests of foot-ball at heart, should carefully and thoroughly consider what results, good or bad, will flow from such radical changes.

Rule 4 states that "when the ball is carried across the goal-line it shall be a touch-down at the point where it crosses." This is an attempt to prevent mauling behind the goal-line, and the basis of a plan to free the game from unnecessary roughness. But it is not a good change. It prevents a rusher from increasing the score of his side by swift following the ball; and since it allows no player a touch-down behind the goal-posts unless he crosses the line under the bar, it will of necessity lessen the number of goals kicked, and therefore the interest in the game.

Rule 18 is an important step. "In every match game there shall be one paid referee, and he absolute, and he shall referee all championship matches." There are to be no more umpires or judges. Undoubtedly, in a championship game the services of the umpire have been little heeded by the referee, and of little value, therefore, to either team. Their claims have been heard by the referee, but have been of small consequence in his final decision. This new rule, then,

simply confirms in theory what has been the fact for several years. It will prevent many hot, unnecessary disputes which have before tended to cast a bad light upon the whole game.

The words "*paid* referee" at first sight seem to imply that he is to be a professional. But the discussion in the convention shows that this is not the case, and even a college graduate is contemplated as one fitted to serve in this capacity. We are in favor of the plan to which we called attention in our December issue, viz., that there should be several referees, each of whom should have exclusive jurisdiction over different questions. For example, one should decide exclusively on foul plays, another on points scored, and so on. But, seeing that the convention has acted so far on the analogy of base-ball usages, as to leave all decisions to one referee and the claims of the respective captains, we think that it would be wiser to take the final step, and make one of the regular professional base-ball umpires serve as this referee. Recent experience has proven conclusively that, if the referee be a college man, there is always the danger that he will be too ignorant of the rules and their changes, or too susceptible to bias on one side or the other to decide justly the points in question. Whereas a professional umpire depends for his very livelihood upon his reputation for square and accurate decisions, and any unjust ruling in the Fall foot-ball games would inevitably influence his standing and success in the next base-ball season. By paying the referee, as the new rule proposes, the reward would be sufficient to induce him to make himself as thoroughly familiar with foot-ball rules as with base-ball; and his decisions could be relied upon to be as honest and conscientious as those of the best umpires are in base-ball. Further, it has been customary to choose as referee for the championship games either the present or former captains of the disinterested college. But, however good a player or captain he was or had been, it takes a very different set of qualities to constitute a good player or captain and a good

referee. Whereas, a professional base-ball umpire, who has been trained and has shown his ability to make quick, square, impartial judgments in base-ball, is just so much more sure to do the same in refereeing a foot-ball game.

Rule 19 makes a most radical change, which, in our judgment, can only harm the game of foot-ball. "For intentional delay of the game or for offside play; for first offence one point shall be given to opponents; for second offence one more point shall be given and the player disqualified. For violation of rules 17 and 28 [relating to foul playing, etc.,] a player shall be disqualified and two points shall be given to opponents. No delay arising from any course whatever shall be for more than five minutes." In short, the penalty for roughness, breaches of rules, and all forms of foul play has been increased to the extent of giving points to the other side. The justification for this is the fact that the old rules to prevent these actions have been inoperative. Now, there are two cases in which any law or rule is inoperative. Either proper means are not taken to enforce it or else the penalty is made disproportionate to the infraction. In either case the result is the same. The rule or law becomes a dead letter. In the case of foot-ball, the difficulty has undoubtedly been that the rules were not properly enforced. The penalty, disqualification of the offending player, is sufficient to prevent roughness and foul play if it were sure to be inflicted.

The new rules in regard to the referee have, as one of their express purposes, the enforcement of such penalties. Why, then, is it necessary, in addition, to increase the penalties? But suppose the penalties are increased, as proposed. We claim that they are disproportionate to the infractions of the rules, and will therefore be inoperative. In recent championship games the score has been very close. Is it right that the remaining ten on a team, the college which it represents, the alumni and friends, should possibly suffer defeat by the roughness or foul playing of one man? The

game, in such a case, would not be won by superior skill or prowess, but by the fact that one man lost his temper or self-control. Is it right to give as much for one man's losing his temper or self-control as for forcing the opposing side to make a Safety? We claim that disqualification of the player and consequent crippling of his team, is sufficient punishment. Giving points for infractions of rules by the opposite side is analagous to giving bounties for criminals. This practice is only resorted to when justice is powerless, and all other means are exhausted. We claim that the new rules, as to the referee, should be tried first, and then—if they are powerless and *all* other means are unavailing—and not till then, is it justifiable to offer rewards for infractions of the rules by the opposite sides.

The motives which prompted the convention to make these radical changes are in recognition of the clamor which has been raised by ignorant, and therefore unsympathetic, reporters and spectators of the sport. But we say, unqualifiedly, that the convention was not justified in acting upon such motives. Foot-ball will be misunderstood and misrepresented just as long as there are ignorant persons to watch it. Such changes as Rule 11 and Rule 31, which prevents the quarter-back from running with the ball, are undoubtedly wise, and such as are demanded by the regular development of the sport from year to year. But we deprecate the adoption of any rules which so modify the game as to destroy any of its essential features and the principles which make foot-ball what it ought to be.

## Literary Gossip.

AS TIME goes on, and the hour draws nearer and nearer when we must part, I find my dear old room wrap itself closer around my heart. I am, in fact, become very much of a recluse, but getting to know a few more intimately every day. Wrote Neander to his friends: "We four will enjoy at Halle the inward blessedness of a *civitas Dei*, whose foundations are forever friendship. The more I know you, the more I dissatisfy, and must dissatisfy, all my wonted companions. Their very presence stupefies me. The common understanding withdraws itself from the one center of all existence." I no longer care to make visits about college, to sit in a crowd and laugh and talk. The social billiard-room, the concert, the lecture even has no charms for me. Sufficeth it if I can go up from supper across the cold, dark campus, unlock my door and find my little haven of quiet and warmth awaiting me, where I can light my lamp and sit surrounded by those well-known pictures and well-worn books, and smoke by myself and read and work. It is hard to realize that this is the last year, and yet the fact is painfully everywhere present. The shadow of parting is over all I do, I sadly think, and yet I constantly catch myself making little plans for "next year," as we all have been doing for so long. It is hard to realize that when, in the Spring, I shall put out the fire which, with its steady glow of warm affection, has kept me company these four long winters, I shall never light it again. The Penates will flee away forever with its last glimmer. Only a few more quiet Saturday afternoons shall I spend at work, looking up now and then, out across the gray, cold country and back to the cosy interior and the fire's cheerful face. Only a few more times shall I stand in my western window and watch the winter sun go down to rest, pulling his crimson coverlid over him behind the fringe of trees. Then the dusk grows apace, and it is too dark to see, and I lay aside my pen or book and sit in the gloaming and watch the room redden picturesquely with the romantic glow of the embers. My most inspiring thoughts and meditations come at this time. I seem to be carried out of myself into the realm of things that are higher; I am in the twilight of the gods. Nay, often in the evening when I wish to write, yet ideas come slowly, I turn out the lights and open my shutter and gaze into the fire or at the lights that gleam to me from across the snow. This contemplation has a strange fascination for me. I am a true fire-worshiper, a leaner upon the generative principle, a sort of reversed Meleager, who lives only so long as the brand burns, and I have always been a weaver of innumerable snow-fancies.

The lights are a token of the busy, teeming, hard-wrought life of the world, but between me and it lies the snow, never trodden by the foot

of man, close as it is to human habitations, freshly fallen from Heaven, white and pure, an earnest of the Peace that is to be. And yet it is not so much the life of the man in action as the mind of the scholar, which those lights typify. And even while they shine, our little academic town is quiet and restful. When they go out, I am, indeed, alone. "Ah!" I think, "this is the life for me; here, in the country; here, I am far from the maddening crowd; not surrounded by the pettiness and noise of cities, where 'I must travel with the souls of other men, living, breathing, reading and writing in the daily time-worn yoke of their opinions.' I am separated from this; I forget it. Thus, shall I become inspired; thus, shall I safely, at least, pursue my earth-journey."

For an hour or so there is silence. Then, of a sudden, shoots a bright red line across the dark landscape, far away. The rumble and roar of a railway train is heard. It is the heart-throb of the Great World, beating, in its everlasting life-agony. No; I am not separate from it, for I am a man; and sympathy I must feel if I would gain it; and breadth and community I must have if I would possess my nature in its fullest perfectness. "Experience of life is the atmosphere of the mind." If I would write, I must not only know, but realize. It is never Literature; it is always Literature and Life. I think it is Emerson, in his "Culture,"—which every college man should read before he leaves his *Alma Mater*—who says: "The great part of our education is sympathetic and social, and cities best give us this. They teach us quiet manners; they are the centers where the best things are found." But he says, too: "We can ill spare the commanding benefits of cities, yet they must be used cautiously and haughtily, and will yield their best values to him who can best do without them. Keep the town for occasion; the habit must be formed in retirement."

I look forward, all the week, to the meeting of the club of four, which we call "The Pollers' Saturday Night." Only four, alas, now! Our tutelary genius—he who used to gossip so pleasantly to you last year, and who, for you, broke our vow of secrecy and disclosed to you our secret rites—is departed. His great blue cup and saucer rest, empty, upon the chimney-piece, waiting their owner. Caliban, his tea-pot, hisses merrily upon the hob, ready to pour forth its cheering contents to all, save its master. Yet he still lives here, "in minds made better by his presence," and we take down the cup, and fill it up, and drink a health to the absent. Let him be sure he is not forgot.

This winter we have been almost entirely German together, so that the Teutonic vagueness of the reverie I fell into a while ago is not, perhaps, to be wondered at. We have enjoyed discussing Tieck and Richter and Hoffman and Goethe and Fouque, hard to interpret and understand as they are. It is almost impossible to analyze the transporting effect some of their productions have upon the mind. Carlyle's essays have helped us a good deal. Have you ever read his "State of German



Literature?" The theories of the inner meaning of literature, which quotations from Schiller and Fichte these express, enthuse the soul. Much in these tales we did not like. They are generally faulty in construction, and sometimes sin against English taste; yet, in the best there is a beautiful child-like simplicity, or a sad attractive weirdness which one meets nowhere else. Some of them reminded me strongly, in subject or treatment, of Hawthorne, as he might have been, with less finish and depth of insight. "The Entail," by Hoffman, deals with the evil destiny attaching to the successors of a man who attempted to found a great family by an act of injustice to a younger son. This is the same idea which Hawthorne, in far finer fashion, works in "The House of the Seven Gables." Is it not possible that Hawthorne may have been influenced by some of these German romances? It would be interesting to trace the connection, if there be one.

Of a truth, what with these meetings, and more beside, winter is a right pleasant season, worthy to be enjoyed, though one sometimes sighs when, of a biting cold February afternoon, one receives letters from kindred in another clime. There, they say,

Is the land where citron-apples bloom,  
And oranges, like gold, in leafy gloom,  
A gentle wind from deep blue heaven blows,  
The myrtle thick, and high the laurel grows.

Here,—

The day is ending;  
The night is descending;  
The marsh is frozen;  
The river dead.

The snow re-commences;  
The buried fences  
Mark no longer  
The road o'er the plain.

In *Shakespeariana*, for February, the leading article is an essay, by Professor Hunt. In this he concludes his series of articles on Shakespearian criticism on the Continent, with an excellently written, concise and interesting expose, *first*, of Reasons for Favorable Criticism in Germany; *second*, The History and Character of Their Criticism of Shakespear. All should read it, both from its intrinsic merit and the fact that it opens up a new field of investigation.

The *Century* and the *Atlantic* are up to their usual standard. The best features of the *Century* are Stedman's article on Holmes; James' "The Bostonians"; Howells' "Rise of Silas Tapham"; and "The Battle of Shiloh," by U. S. Grant. The three novels of the season are in their second installment, in the *Atlantic*, and show no falling off. Besides these, a cutting review of Julian Hawthorne's biography of his father is the most striking article.

## Editors' Table.

"The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,  
And these are of them."—*Macbeth, Act I, Scene III.*

IT HAS been stated that second term is the time to fight battles on paper, and sure enough, though the various athletic fields are deserted, here comes the *Yale News* with a long article on Foot-Ball by an experienced player, in which he nobly defends the sport and refutes the charge of brutality and demoralization.

"Why is it that there are no professional teams to play a game that draws 10,000 spectators? Why is it that it attracts the best field-audience ever seen? For the reason that it is the gentleman's game, that as the 'dandy' gentlemen regiments out-marched, out-fought and out-plucked the 'bloody rebs,' so gentlemen players and gentlemen teams will always hold the foot-ball field."

It is interesting to notice that even college dailies have birth-days, as we found on opening the *News* for January 28th. Seven years have circled since the *Yale News*, a feeble production of diminutive size, announced with modest voice that its columns were open to free discussion on all subjects consistent with "decorum and morality." Number I was kindly sent to illustrate what rapid growth the sheet has made through the seven years of its existence. Rapid advances indeed, and we congratulate the *News* on being, even at this early age, what we consider the leading college daily.

We have been waiting eagerly for the *Advocate* man to come to some conclusion about that boy of Uncle Sam's who goes to Harvard, and now, after much hesitancy about committing so delicate a matter to black and white with so little positive data, he nerves himself and sums up: "The Harvard man is a well-dressed athletic young man, who has a humorous light in his eyes, is leisurely in his movements, is inclined to be a little cynical and to 'phoo phoo' and smile down at the every-day thought of common-place mankind. He is bright, intellectual, makes a good 'society man,' and, if a strong ambition comes to him, is capable of doing fine work in his chosen field." This is the normal Harvard man, and besides there is the "diletante dude," the specialist, the athlete, society men proper, grinds, divinity students, the man who believes in compulsory prayers (rare), but all with more or less *Harvard* in his make-up. This seems to be the conclusion, and we are more and more impressed with the advisability of an occasional serial of such a type, and which the *Advocate* and *Lampoon* are almost alone in supporting. This, of course, does not apply to the continued articles in the *Cornell Sun* on Political Institutions. We would say just here, that the *Daily Sun* shines for us about once a week.

A long essay on Oliver Goldsmith imparts a distinctively literary aspect to the last number of the *Virginia University Magazine*. The article is finely written, and shows genuine appreciation of Goldsmith, while the poems and other essays are of a high order.

Now for another random thrust into the heap of exchanges, and what have we? The *Athenaeum*, that with the *Argo* and countless others, tells us that Princeton is agitating a daily paper. A very quiet sort of agitation, we should think; but then it's often necessary to read distant papers to get the home news. The prospect of a literary monthly from Williams is, however, a more substantial fact, and we shall watch for it with great expectations.

It was with no little surprise that we read, a few days since, of the shaky condition of the Harvard Co-operative Society, long known as a most successful project. The first resolution of the directors was that the stock of the society should be disposed of, and the store closed for the remainder of the year. The trouble arose out of the "too sanguine management" of the superintendent and directors, in relying on large numbers of the students, who failed to lend their patronage. Says *Crimson*: "Harvard indifference is no mere bug-bear, or vague generality for Harvard indifference has killed our co-operative society." But since that a little "Yale enthusiasm" seems to have visited Cambridge, and generous purses have put the society again on its feet.

As the *LIT.* is designed not only to show what college men can do in writing, but also as a training for future work along literary lines, we are always thankful for candid criticism. But criticism, to be profitable, must be consistent. The *Princetonian*, criticising the last *LIT.*, rates one article "a clever sketch," another, "a pretty little sketch," and yet, third, "a well-written story, and shows power." The next editorial says: "We like to read the short stories we get from the world outside. We can't say the same always for the stories we cull from the college press, from the *LIT.*, our E. C., for instance. Every one of the three stories in the last *LIT.* was based upon mistaken identity, each case of which has been worked to death in a hundred and one stories." The critical editors in our E. C. are evidently not of one mind. We scarcely know which opinion represents the *Princetonian*, and which, as such, we are to accept.

The literary students of Blair Hall deserve much praise for the success of the January number of their *Literary Magazine*. So numerous are the articles that we cannot dwell on each, but they have two good qualities they are short and on interesting topics.

The new and attractive face of the *Bethany Collegian*, from West Virginia, pays its first visit this week. There is nothing very remarkable about the contents, except the oration "God in History," which, however, might have been profitably given up to some less cumbersome production. Fellow-editors, if your college paper is to be an entire success, you must suit the reading matter to the popular demand of your readers

Not only the question of compulsory prayers is sustaining attacks from unrelenting editorial quills, but now the *Brunonian* would consign to oblivion the time-honored graduating customs, "Because, for more than a century, the graduating classes at Brown have worn gowns, have tried to obey unintelligible Latin commands, and to enjoy unintelligible Latin Salutatories; because some two centuries ago Latin was the universally used language of the educated; because at Oxford and Cambridge they continue to wear gowns and have Latin Salutatories, are these any better arguments for the continuance of our present Commencement peculiarities, than for the re-adoption of the ancestral 'queue' and three-cornered hat, or for pretending to enjoy conversation in Choctaw, or for apeing the 'Aw, weally,' single-barreled eye-glass and tight pantaloons of English swell noblemen?" Notwithstanding this tirade, the Williams Seniors have just voted to graduate in "Cap and gown." Truly, every question has two sides.

But there's no use trying to work more, for the musical man just above fairly revels in Saturday night leisure, regardless of his neighbors' feelings—the very man that *Argo* calls

#### THE BANJO FIEND.

" Ever twanging, twanging, twanging,  
With an everlasting banging,  
Of a never-resting heel against the floor, floor, floor,  
Sits the banjo fiend playing  
To the swaying, swaying, swaying,  
Of the arms and of the body of a bore.  
In the evening, in the morning,  
When the breaking day is dawning,  
And Apollo's crystal streamers shimmer o'er the shining hills,  
Then this wretched toy adoring,  
You will see the demon fawning  
O'er the instrument accursed that either cures or kills."

#### LAW OF CONTRARIES.

She was timid, tender, shy;  
She was slender, blue of eye,  
While a dimple  
Added to her loveliness  
Charm elusive; and her dress—  
Neatly simple.  
  
He was busy, kindly, bluff;  
Deep his voice, his beard was rough,  
Brown and shaggy.  
In the parlor—ill at ease  
With his trousers at the knees  
Rather baggy.  
  
But he won the gentle maid:—  
Men were so astonished, they'd  
Give a whistle!  
She was captured—when he sought  
Like a wind-blown kerchief caught  
On a thistle.

—Advocate.

## Calendar.

JAN. 5TH.—College re-opens.....Second term begins.

JAN. 7TH.—Commencement of course of Art Lectures, by Prof. W. C. Prime.

JAN. 10TH.—Concert by Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, assisted by College Glee Club, in University Hall.

JAN. 20TH.—Lacrosse meeting elected following officers: Pres., A. C. Smith, '85; Sec'y, F. Evans, Jr., '86; Treas., R. T. H. Halsey, '86; Capt. C. B. Gamble, '85.

JAN. 21ST.—Library meeting at the President's house. Paper read by Mr. S. V. V. Holmes, on "Recent Researches in Hypnotism.".....Whig Hall prize debate won by H. Hillard, '86. Honorable Mentions—J. D. Baucus, '86; F. S. Dunshee, '85.

JAN. 22D.—Dudley Buck Quartette, in University Hall.

JAN. 26TH.—Mass Meeting, to take action on report of Committee of Auditors.....Messrs. C. C. Cuyler, David Paton and Alex. Van Renssaler, elected as Graduate Committee on Athletics.

JAN. 27TH.—J. C. Adams, '86, elected as President of the Athletic Association, in place of J. B. Harriman (resigned), and C. T. D. Halsey, '86, elected Senior Director.

JAN. 28TH.—Preliminary J. O. Contest, in the Halls. Successful contestants as follows: Clio—A. W. Durell, G. A. T. Eddy, W. Farrand, W. Rankin. Whig—C. R. Erdman, J. W. Harding, W. Jessup, M. M. Miller.

JAN. 29TH.—Day of prayer for colleges. Services conducted by Rev. Dr. Gillespie, of Elizabeth.

JAN. 30TH.—Glee Club concert, at Freehold.

JAN. 31ST.—Y. M. C. A. Conference of Colleges of Pennsylvania and New Jersey, at Lafayette College. Princeton represented by R. S. Lawrence, '85; F. S. Woodruff, '85; and H. Hillard, '86.

FEB. 2D.—Pershing, '88, elected Washington's Birthday Orator, in place of Miller (resigned).

FEB. 4TH.—Clio Hall prize debate. 1st prize—C. F. McClumpha, '85. 2d prize—W. S. Elder, '86.

FEB. 5TH.—Sixtieth Anniversary of the Philadelphian Society, held in Murray Hall. Addresses by Dr. Duffield, '41; Rev. Donald McLaren, '79; and Rev. Geo. C. Stewart, '76.....Lecture by Thomas Nast, in University Hall.

FEB. 6TH.—Glee Club concert, at Orange, N. J.

FEB. 8TH.—Dr. Paxton preached in Marquand Chapel.

FEB. 9TH.—Glee Club concert, in University Hall.

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